THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS. } GOOD—FOR THEIR TO CLOTHE AND PROSPECTOR OR MIND FOOD

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1712.

Choice Poetry.

LOVE'S FAIRY RING.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

While Time was with world Love,
My own sweet wife and I,
We made Heaven in our love,
And in the world go by!
Oh, never I, were best lost so light
With sweetest Queen or King!
Our world was but no bright—
In our fairy ring.

Dear love!
Our hallowed fairy-ring.

The world of empire is not large,
But precious much it holds;
Little homes take more room,
Not what rich realms it folds!
Our steeped from all ever strife
Into love with fairies wing,
We found a to dearer life in line,
Within our fairy-ring.

Dear love!
Our hallowed fairy-ring.

Then loosed thy true heart on mine,
And heavenly heaven up!
Weighing Love's most precious wine
In life's most bitter cup!
Experience the circling hours
Now gifts of glory bring;
Life-time and love take hands to dance
Still in our fairy-ring.

Dear love!
Our hallowed fairy-ring.

We've known a many sorrows, sweet!
We've wept a many tears,
And often trod with trembling feet
Our pilgrimage of years.
But when our cry grew dark and wild,
All closer did we cling;
Clasped hands to bosom as you smiled,
Power crowned our fairy-ring.

Dear love!
Our hallowed fairy-ring.

Now grim look of mortal-dream;
Of away, on Hope and Sorrow!
Some sweetness oozing drunken from
Our Lethe's bitter flow!
Heaven shield our Tittle Darlings round
And never be their footprints found
Within our fairy-ring.

Dear love!
Our hallowed fairy-ring.

Original Novelet.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

KATE ELSWOOD'S JOURNAL.

"Why do you look at me so, Lilly?"

"Because you are so beautiful, mamma, and so good to me, and everything, since Summer I love you so much!"

Some gentle affection—partial, but sincere, seemed to have moved the blushing Eve—Lilly, for she looked down upon her fair young face, and only Hammond is travelling in England, I hope is away. Surely, never held beauty, more perfect innocence, than hers.

Rose nestled in my arms, her dark eyes fixed on the shining coals. I had emptied her basket of flowers, and had carefully under her bed in night-cot. She had said her prayers, kneeling at my feet, but her blue eyes were so much bright, that I yielded to her request for one story more; and, strangely enough, the history of poor Clara, and her girlish, but sincere affection, popped into my head, and forthwith I told it.

I am sorry, for when I finished, Rose lifted her face, red, with her cheeks, and said,

"What! I don't, dear child?" I thought, and then I thought again, "no," "no," and "no!" I said, aloud, repeating it over and over, as it gave me courage, and I could not tell why.

Then caught Lilly's eyes upraised earnestly to mine, and I asked,

"Why do you look at me so, Lilly?"

And she answered, exactly, as I have recorded it, adding, however, in her usual startling energy, "I'll hate another mother!"

"That's a very wrong spirit, Lilly," I said, (my heart, for I could not help it, the next moving uproar,) "all step-mothers are not cruel."

"All step-mothers are hateful," added the child; "you are mother enough for us. I hope you shall never have any other."

The children are in the nursery at their dinner, and I—I feel strangely interested, strangely sad. I should not! I ought to be very happy. Agnes is a mother to my little ones, devoted in so many innocent, loving traits. I wish somebody would come in—let me take books again at the window—the wind at high—Julius, by this time, is hundreds of miles away—father, he's one—either must be ready to start for home—I will not—I won't think myself again; next week they will all be here; why do I feel so sad? I have not been well for this county to such distances."

"Ah! I'll be blest if I'm inclined to any sort of a visit, if I can help it, Mrs. Elswood, for one's friend's gal 'em, Miss, they get so—not in the country, you know, and then, you see if another mother, to be naughty to me if—No! my father cannot leave again—he cannot, he has stayed a month—he will not—I shall—I myself again; next week they will all be here; why do I feel so sad? I have not been well for this county to such distances."

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EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$2 50 if not paid in advance. For $5 a copy will be sent to the person getting up the Club, and three additional copies will be sent to the getter up of the Club. Any person having the necessary number of names for a Club, may be certain that it will be sent to them, provided the letter will show their subscription to end at the same time that the Club is to end. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the names complete in each Club, and at the same time, and then prevent confusion.

Money for Clubs may be remitted for by subscribers in the city and county.

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We trust our old friends the Post-Masters, will exert themselves and get large Clubs—as *if they do not feel inclined to take advantage* of our liberal offers themselves, that they will offer our Prospectus to some influential and respectable persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be "THE STRAY KITTEN," by MRS. DENISON, author of "HOME PICTURES," &c.—ORIENTAL SKETCHES by GRACE GREENWOOD and by FANNY FERN—MIDDAY, THE AVENUE, and THE FATAL VOW, by MRS. SOUTHWORTH —LETTERS FROM DISTANT LANDS, by MRS. DENISON LETTERS FROM EUROPE by "C. G." and the REV. MR. RICHMOND, &c., &c.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

We commence the promised novelette, by Mrs. Denison, this week. We think it opens very finely—and this fact to be a very interesting story.

For the comfort and convenience of readers desiring complete tales for a long evening, we may mention that "The Step-Mother" will occupy some four or five—it may be six—numbers.

THE NEBRASKA BILL.

The eyes of the whole country are now turned towards the Senate of the United States at Washington, and upon the struggle between the friends and foes of the Nebraska Bill—knowing as that does the power of the Senate, to do as it pleases.

It is evident that, by some means or other, the recent minority in favor of the Nebraska Bill in the House, has been changed into a majority of between two and twenty votes. There is no possibility therefore of the bill being defeated, except by the use of those Republican means of delusion, which the rules of the House afford for the protection of the rights of the minority in extreme cases.

To these means, the proscriptions of Congress other than the Nebraska Bill—unchallenged reported—and up to the time at the present writing, with complete assent. By making privileges, and immunities, and favors, the test that says upon them, a large minority always can overpower an opposing majority, and get control of an obnoxious measure. We say a large minority, for a small minority could easily be fired upon, being under the necessity of keeping all their number constantly on hand to demand the right to vote. In order for the Senate to defeat, or rather inaction, to succeed, there must be a sufficient number of members to allow of their constant attendance, one of which may be resting while the other is working. The only plea, by the way, through which even a large majority can prevail over a small but determined minority.

The plan of arresting the passage of obnoxious laws, has been termed by some factions, party or others revolutionary. It may be the first, but we do not see how it can often be the last—for it is not a power for action, but for inaction—and is the last strictly conservative, and preservative of the existing condition of things, whether that may be. It is, therefore, more open to the charge of being anti-progressive and despotic, than of being revolutionary.

And in the charge of being factious, this is which more reasonably urged. Such movements are, as a general thing, evidently at factious, unless a sufficient motive can be pleaded in their justification. The burden of proof is always upon those who resort to the use of the extra-legislative means of defiance, and they are not to show that they will be satisfied to rest at a sufficient importance, and the whole aspect of the case of that character, not only to warrant, but even render it imperative upon them to resort to the last desperate means of delaying action, until time has been given for the voice of the people to be heard upon the question in dispute.

Believe to the present struggle—that upon the Nebraska Bill and the Missouri Compromise the friends of the bill allege that its enemies are acting in a factious spirit and manner; to which these, by opposing the will of the majority of the House, and, in the second place, by opposing the will of the majority of the people, whose representatives they are, and to do that the people pronounced at the last election a reaction in favor of the Compromise measures, recommending these measures to receive the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise. On which issue, then, rest the charge of faction.

On the other hand, the opponents of the Nebraska Bill contend, that, though a minority in Congress, they really do represent a large majority of the people of the United States. That, at the last election, the people did not choose that they were expressing any opinion upon the subject—and that, if the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise had been made an issue by the last session of Congress, it would have been generally defeated by immense majorities. That every election that has taken place since the enactment of this bill, has manifested in the most unmistakable manner, that a large majority of the people were opposed to it. That there has been no petitions for its passage, while hundreds of thousands of names, exceeding those of 1,000 clergymen, and other leading men of all parties—have been forwarded to Congress against it. That in other representative districts known to be almost unanimously opposed to the bill, have been prevailed upon by party means, to misrepresent their constituencies—for the reason being that they have been bribed to play the traitor. That no immediate necessity demands the instant passage of the bill, and that therefore it can easily be laid over till the next session of Congress, which will give the people time to make their sentiments known upon the subject. And that, therefore, in short, they, are virtually only to represent the great majority of the country, and are bound, by the principles of republican government, to defeat the measure, if they can, by all the means in their power, which are not factious in the sense of being opposed to the will of the majority of the American people.

Such is the strength of the battle-ground upon which the opponents of the Nebraska Bill will be found. If they fail to defeat it, they will be able to say that they have done their duty, and that the responsibility of its passage rests upon others. The Southern slave interests will, of course, be found to be the principal supporters of the measure, and they will be able to say that they have done their duty, and that the responsibility of its passage rests upon others. The Southern slave interests will, of course, be found to be the principal supporters of the measure, and they will be able to say that they have done their duty, and that the responsibility of its passage rests upon others.

NEW VIEWS.

A single week more, to-day, and the Spring campaign will be fairly opened. Then, for the first time, we shall be able to see what the enemy intends to do, and what we have to do in order to meet him. Then, for the first time, we shall be able to see what the enemy intends to do, and what we have to do in order to meet him. Then, for the first time, we shall be able to see what the enemy intends to do, and what we have to do in order to meet him.

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SATURDAY
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PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1854.

Congressional News.

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS.
FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 8th, Mr. Dodge's resolution to call for the correspondence relative to the Tripartite Convention, was taken up and agreed to. Mr. Douglas's bill to organize the Territory of Nebraska was then taken up, the question being on the motion of Mr. Chase to amend the bill by striking out the 14th section, which declares that the Constitution and laws of the United States, which are not locally inapplicable, shall have the same force and effect within the said Territory as elsewhere within the United States, except the 8th section of the act preparatory to the admission of Missouri into the Union, approved March 6, 1820, which, being superseded by the principles of the Compromise measures of 1850, commonly called the Missouri Compromise, and declared inoperative by the said principles, is hereby declared inoperative and void; it being the true intent and meaning of this act not to legislate slavery into any Territory or State, nor to exclude it therefrom; but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way, without Congressional interference, and to the full extent that the people of the United States possess that right under the Constitution; and the right of the people to establish their own form of government, subject only to the Constitution of the United States.

Mr. Douglas made a personal explanation in reply to Mr. Chase, in which he said that the latter, whose memory he had recently refreshed, had not denied that he had pressed and heard the sermon of Dr. Sunderland, which was delivered in the House on the Sabbath day.

Mr. Chase said "after time?" — When?

Mr. Richardson said that to state the time at which the sermon was delivered would be to state the time at which the Senate was in session. He had not the appropriation bill of 30,000, to understand; Mr. Douglas's bill to organize the Territory of Nebraska; the Pacific Railroad bill, &c.

Mr. Bell moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole on the bill (H. R. No. 1) to provide for the better organization of the Medical Department of the Army, which was referred the resolution of inquiry relative to the Nebraska Bill. He hoped that the House would go into Committee of the Whole, and report the bill to the Senate, with the recommendation that it do not pass.

Mr. Richardson said that he was much gratified at the motion of the gentleman from Tennessee. He had supposed the Nebraska Bill was the appropriation bill. He hoped the House would go into Committee of the Whole on the bill.

Mr. Orr moved that the bill proposed to organize a geological corps be taken up, and made the special order for to-morrow week.

Mr. Richardson said that he was willing to take up the bill, but he hoped the House would not go into Committee of the Whole on it.

Mr. Bell withdrew his motion.

Mr. Richardson replied, that was no change that could be made in the arrangement of the business of the week. There were already both eighty-quorbar-ians and eighty-one-ians.

Mr. Rusk moved that the House go into Committee of the Whole on the bill (H. R. No. 1) to provide for the better organization of the Medical Department of the Army.

Mr. Richardson—I said the time at which I proposed to take up the Nebraska bill was when the bill for the relief of the Sufferers by the Florida War, and if they objected a disposition to debate, I would move to take up the Nebraska bill at the time I named under order.

Mr. Rusk then wished to ask a question, but previously, he would say that he had no objection to the bill for the relief of David Mouth, and hoped that it would be taken up and passed.

Mr. Richardson—I said the time at which I proposed to take up the bill for the relief of the Florida sufferers, was when the Nebraska bill was disposed of;

Selected Poetry.

THE MAIDEN'S MINIATURE.

[illegible]

Take it. Enough—may it be
Guardian angel calm thine!
Let it from perfume for children,
In the long, lone hours—ah!
When the "dark and stormy night"
Gathers round thy pet in prison!
When thy heart is growing weary,
Sinnin! Sinnin! let this smile!
Try my love, the test and strong,
Let it true thee keep thy vows.

Take it, Sinnin—may it be
Twilight visitant to thee!
When the stars with shadowish bright,
Gladly round the hour of night!
When the heavy curtain's fall,
Fragrant of the sweet home flower,
Sinnin! let the shadow be
For entire benefit than one,
And its name be whispered me,
Fondly, on the lee of sheet.

Take it, Sinnin—may it be
Talisman, and much beside!
Better far, and richer even,
Than may'st most hope or dream.
Then may'st most 'bosch thine skies,
Not too wild thy pulse shall beat,
While the sun upon thy heart,
Flying it with kindly heat,
Where the storms wind mutter, and gay—
Where the bleak winds whistle round,
And with that child "all is well."

New Haven, Mared, 1854.

Selected Articles.

EXTRACTS

FROM THE

LIFE OF JEFFERSON.

BY HENRY S. RANDALL, L. L. D.

Mr. Jefferson as a Lover.—Personal Description of Martha Wayles.—Marriage.—Having succeeded the subscriber in the due and time-honored order, as laid down by the "unwritten law" of Virginia, in the case of his affair to be found in Book 1 of this work, dressed by him to his friend Page, commenced his addresses to the lady who was to be his wife and companion through the rest of his years. These are to be found at length in Prof. Tucker's life of him, and in the Congressional edition of his correspondence. They possess some interest in relation to their subject matter, but least, as the earliest specimens of their author's epistolary writing which have been preserved. Though they display something of that easy command of language and flowing style—for which he afterwards so celebrated, they exhibit no peculiar grace of style, in quantity of expression. They, however, they would scarcely be expected in the careless, offhand effusions of boyish interest. It cannot, unable to see the fatuous statement "signing like fireworm" in a foot love; concerning, after the supposed habits of student life, the sense of his mistress' under ash'ward Latin years and Greek accents, and the like. His family and their friends, of course, was supposed to have a vast interest in discovering, delightfully describing, the happy character of his life in Belvidere. In the epistle (that route in Raleigh tavern where we shall soon find him acting as colleged a part,) covering the customary departing vow, that "Rebecca will not accept his section, it never shall be offered to another;" and so on to the end of the chapter in the well beaten track of sentimentality. The object of this fond attachment was a Miss Rebecca Burwell, (call'd Belinda as a pet name, or by way of contrast, mean!) whose residence was at or near the Capitol, and who was the daughter of a Mr. Burwell.

Mr. Jefferson's proposals seem to have been accepted with the condition that he would not see the ex three years in foreign travel before marriage." Whether for this, or for some other preference lay in a different direction, Miss Burwell somewhat abruptly married another man in 1780.

Mr. Jefferson was generally, however, attentive to females with the other sex, and without success. His appearance was engaging. His face, though angular, and far from beautiful, beamed with kindness, with intelligence, and with the cheerful vivacity of a happy, benevolent, and gifted mind. His person was of the finest form of the well-built cavalier—tall, erect, and graceful. He sat, deep-set eyes, rather light in color, and flashing with the light of genius, according to the light in which they were viewed, seem occasionally sparkling with fire, and at the clear lake mirrors the cloud, every emotion which was passing through his mind. He stood six feet two and a half inches in height, and though very slim, his form was erect and sinewy, and his movements singularly easily and vigor. He was an expert musician, a fine dancer, a dashing rider, and there was no manly exercise in which he could not easily well his part. His manners were remarkable graceful, but simple and natural. He was sensitive already possessed no inconsiderable share of that charm which, in after years, won or need conciliate friends, and to which was also attributed so seductive an influence in wrinkling the young and beautiful heart in political views. There was a frankness, earnestness and cordiality in his tone—a deep sympathy with humanity—a confidence in man, and a sanguine hopefulness in his destiny—which irresistibly upon the feelings not only of the ordinary hearer, but of those given men whose communion with the world had perhaps led them to form less favorable estimates of it—and such men as the clockmaker Small, the sagacious Patrick Henry, and gifted Pasquier. Mr. Jefferson's temper was gentle, kindly and forgiving. It it had naturally had anything of that waterish which is the usual accompaniment of affections and sympathies so ardent, it had been extinguished by habitual control. Yet under its own placidity, there was not wanting those in its constitution of calm self-reverence and energy which will instinctively recognize and respect. There is not an instance on record of his having been engaged in a personal encounter, or of his having suffered a personal indignity. Possessing the necessary requirements, he avoided the vices of the young Virginia gentry of the day, and a habit of habits, which if not vices themselves, are often made the parents of vices, and which he never gambled. To avoid importunities to games which were generally accompanied with betting, he never learned to distinguish one card from another (a) was mentioned in the enjoyments of the table; to indulge often had been an aversion which rarely yielded to any circumstance, his mental was vigorated by early habits of sobriety. Though he spoke of it as trying "the visionary of a Socratic horse," and that "much of his time," he never put his fine horse in training to run, never ran him a single race, and he very rarely joined in the pleasant exhilaration known to it in the pleasant to the aspiring student—of the chase. With such qualities of mind and character, with the favor of powerful friends and relatives, with a sense of honor and rectitude to urge him onward, Mr. Jefferson was at a young man to be tightly regarded by the young or by all of either sex.

He became of age in 1761.

Mr. Jefferson's Homesickness and Home.—Not anticipating a particular recurrence to this topic, a few general remarks are here made.

"Home west is smells, spur and spur,"

may here be presented.

Notwithstanding Mr. Jefferson was no tantamount, he revealed the greatest love of his religion for this spot, and rarely lost a occasion apparently of writing which there was not [illegible] a yearning zeal. He marked fondness he hence commenced and ended every by with his life. His preference was for the Virginia once home; he did not ride, and was never willing to defer any either. Two or three pages of his first book are devoted to the peculiarities of those purchased, or selected from his brethren's stock, for his own use. He usually kept several fine breed mares, and to shall find Carnwalis, in his predatory excursion

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*The accurate items expresses this design, specifically England, Holland, France, Spain, Italy, Portugal and Austria, as then through the Northern Division of America, in his passport—now. Why he gave this on does not appear.

†It had the general condition prevailed by my person [illegible] and by a ride, as this and regular that if period of after the slightest exposure.

‡ Dust disturbed, perhaps, by the gentle designation, "or do?" It has been often described, as real, but it was not so any part of old life. It seemed slightly speckled with white while he was in Francis, and grew more so at the end of his life, but never became white.

§ His grandson, Colonel Thomas J. Randolph, informs us that such were never placed in his house, even by company.

MISSIONS.

A MARRIED GENTLEMAN.

The conduct of Reverend Hawthorne's Tutor, in his recent entry on the field of missionary labor, has drawn upon him the censure of many of his friends. Some of these, who are personally acquainted for many years, in the most intimate relations, with the gentleman, have expressed their surprise at the unexpected course he has taken. Others, who have known him only by reputation, have spoken of his conduct in terms of severe censure. It is, therefore, due to the character of Mr. Hawthorne, that the following statement should be made.

Mr. Hawthorne has been for many years a devoted friend of the cause of missions. He has been a liberal contributor to the funds of the Board, and has frequently expressed his desire to engage in the work of a missionary. He has also been a diligent student of the Bible, and has made himself familiar with the history of missions. He has been a member of the Church for many years, and has been a faithful and consistent Christian. He has been a member of the Board of Missions for many years, and has been a faithful and consistent Christian. He has been a member of the Board of Missions for many years, and has been a faithful and consistent Christian.

City Scenes.

NEVER CARRY YOUR GLOVES IN YOUR HAT.

Mr. Fallington fairers himself he is creating a sensation.—(Perhaps he is).

ADA.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Like brightest of visions, is brightest of hours,
Which the memory loves to recall;
With the sweetest light gladdening the heart and the eyes,
And the song of the bird, and the hum of the bee.

Come Ada.

When the heavens that come with her fragrant is
Where roses with the breath of the lovely morn
Where with the breathing to wander alone,
Where I clasped her white hand while I called her my own.

Come Ada.

Now warm is the sunlight, and blue are the skies,
And the flowers are gone to the hill shadow lies,
And I hear the cool fleet of the western spot,
But I wait, and I watch, and I listen in vain.

For Ada.

For away in the church-yard a grave mound is made,
Ah pale and so cold as the last winter's snow,
Where the wild flowers wave
Ada.

And enshrouded in silence and darkness below,
As pale and as cold as the last winter's snow,

MISS LOUISE E. VICKROY.

Johnstown, Pa., March, 1854.

Wit and Humor.

DICK TROT AND HIS YANKEE CLOCK.

"Well, sir," said Dick to me one day, about five years or better ago, I bought a wooden clock from a Yankee pedlar, named Tom Jones, who used to travel through this country, droppin' one at almost every house. Now the last one he had, and I paid him five dollars for it. She was a perfect gem of a clock, and then such a beauty! Her thirty-day, pompy figur', dressed out in her painted case, just fitted my eyes exactly to a gnat's ear. Well, sir, the chief of it I might almost say the first little pumpkin would bring back'ards and forrards, like a proper case. Then she'd strike all day after day, week after week, does not keep on keepin' up with the sun, and determine to go once a month, and then she'd be a clock she would get ahead of her. She'd dig at the minutes, and she never could get done with 'em, and she'd be twelve and eleven all day. She'd be at it nights and then go to bed, pretty near as late as I did myself. I might almost say she'd be busy all night, although I wasn't wakeful her; wouldn't allow the sun to be up before her, and she'd be a-hard at it, and then she'd be a-hard at it, and then she'd be a-hard at it, and then